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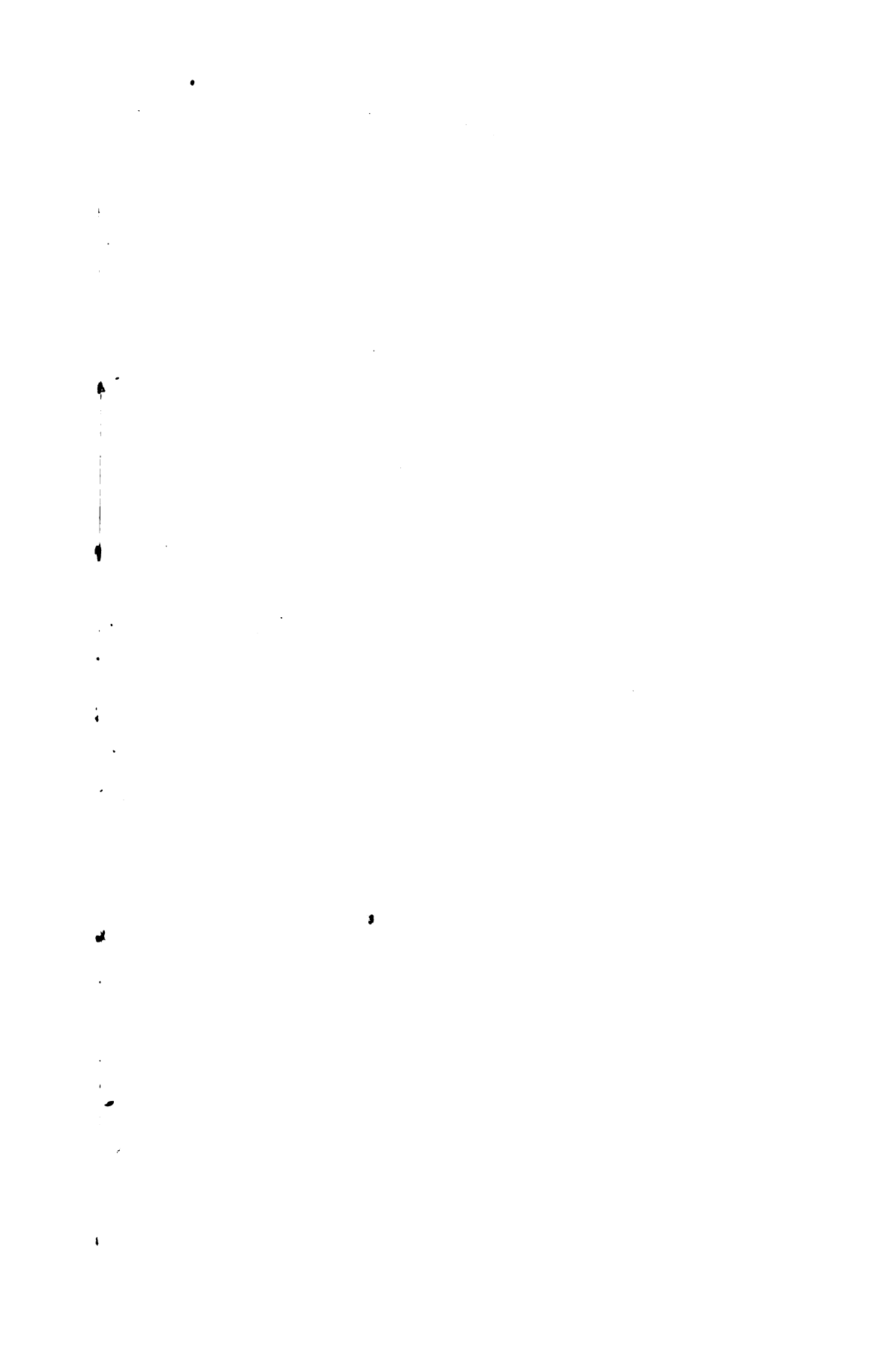
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REV. DR. PUTNAM'S ADDRESS

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

H. A. S. DEARBORN.



①

AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY GOVERNMENT AND CITIZENS OF ROXBURY,

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE

HENRY A. S. DEARBORN,

MAYOR OF THE CITY.

SEPTEMBER 3d, 1851.

BY GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

ROXBURY:
NORFOLK COUNTY JOURNAL PRESS.
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1851, Oct. 28.

Gift of
the Rev. Author,
of Roxbury.
(H. 26. 1826.)

CITY OF ROXBURY.

In Common Council, Sept. 15, 1851.

Ordered, That the thanks of the City Council be tendered to the Rev. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D., for the very eloquent Address delivered before the City Council and citizens of this city, on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 3d, on the life, character and public services of the late General HENRY ALEXANDER SCAMMEL DEARBORN, Mayor of this City, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

Passed, and sent up for concurrence.

JOSHUA SEAVER, *Clerk.*

In the Board of Aldermen, Sept. 15, 1851.

Concurred.

JOSEPH W. TUCKER, *City Clerk.*

ADDRESS.



FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS,

MAGISTRATES AND CITIZENS OF ROXBURY :

OUR late Municipal Chief departed this life in the city of Portland on the 29th day of July last. His death was occasioned by a malignant disease suddenly developed, and took place under circumstances that imperatively forbade the observance here of those funereal rites that would be deemed appropriate to a man of his character and of his station. His remains passed through the streets of our city, silently attended by his associates in the government, to their final resting place. Debarred thus from an opportunity to pay the usual tokens of respect to the deceased at the time of his burial, the City Council, with many citizens and friends, have desired and claimed that a separate occasion should be set apart as early as practicable, for manifesting their appreciation of his character and public services, their sense of the bereavement which this city and the community have suffered, and by prayer and meditation in the sanctuary to renew and confirm in their own hearts the lessons of wisdom which the death of one so valued and so eminent amongst us, could not fail to inspire.

Therefore are we assembled here to-day. The perishing body is not here before us, awaiting its last rites of sepulture.

It has passed on, and sleeps beneath the beautiful shades of Forest Hills. It rests there in that well earned repose which shall never be disturbed by the hand of man; but his memory is with us, — that is not buried, — it is not dead. His mind, with all its attributes and its achievements, is still a living presence with us, and it is with that we would hold communion, and pay the just meed of grateful honor and affectionate remembrance. It is not too late for that. The pall, the hearse, the slow procession, and the open grave, are not necessary for that.

formal We do well, I think, to come together as we do this day, wisely omitting the external and secular parades that pertain to a funeral eulogy, and desiring only in quietness and simplicity to commemorate the man who has thus passed from amongst us—passed from the highest seat in our city, to take his place with the lowliest in the grave. We would consider what manner of man he was, and calling to mind the good traits that distinguished him, and the good services that he performed, do justice to them—the mind's justice, and the heart's justice—and find an example in them, and inspiration in them, and that moral quickening which always acquires new force in the presence of death, and amid the associations of sorrow. Human excellence is very various. It is never whole and perfect in any one man. It is distributed in diverse forms, in unequal proportions, and in manifold and ever novel combinations, even among good men. It exists only in fragments, in parcels, everywhere limited and incomplete; yet it does exist, and does appear all round, in men of every generation—an imperishable monument of God's grace, and a continual manifestation of His good spirit. And it is necessary for us, for the purposes of our own moral training, to see it, and seeing, to perceive it. It is a great incitement and an efficient help to our own virtue and wisdom to be able to discern virtue and wisdom, not only in abstract principles and formal precepts, but in the concrete, in living examples, in lives that pass or have passed before us, in deeds that we can see, in characters that shed their light upon our path.

We need to cultivate that genial and appreciating spirit that has an eye for what is beautiful and what is noble in human character, wherever it appears, in whatever forms, in whatever connections. No man is an example in every thing, but every portion of moral excellence is exemplified by somebody, and that, too, where we may see it, and derive light and strength from it, if we will. There are no good men, in the absolute sense of the term; but there are good traits and good deeds all around; and the heart that does not learn to revere and to love them, to separate them from the ever accompanying faults and imperfections, and to warm towards them, to enshrine them in its holy places, and to derive an incitement, a glow and an elevation from them, that heart will grow hard and cold—will lose its affinities with virtue, its aspirations for excellence, and find its bonds of loving brotherhood with the race become lax and weak. One reason for the gentle charity, the mild and lenient judgment which the gospel requires us to exercise, is, that we may not be deterred by a rigid, harsh, censorious spirit, from discerning with a loving and whole hearted appreciation the virtues of our fellow men. The Apostle carries this sentiment so far as to charge us to “honor all men.” Upon the most lax interpretation of the precept, we must regard it as a Christian duty, as it is certainly a means of moral improvement, to honor all that is good in man, to look for it, to delight in finding it, to make the most of it, and make the contemplation of it a means to expand the heart, and exalt our conceptions, and stimulate our virtuous endeavors.

It is because, and only because I see much to admire, to love, and to revere in the character of our late fellow citizen and chief magistrate, much that ought to have the inspiring influence of a good example, that I am willing to appear here to day, and speak of him in this public manner. I believe there are things in his life and character, the contemplation of which may be as profitable to our own hearts, as it is just to his memory. I am glad that his walk and station in society were so conspicuous as, in your judg-

ment, to authorize this public and unusual notice of the qualities and deeds of an individual man.

The informal nature of this occasion releases me from the duty of giving any complete biographical account of the deceased. A few dates and incidents may, however, be allowed.

Henry Alexander Scammel Dearborn was born March 3d, 1783, in Exeter, New Hampshire. He passed his boyhood on a farm, on the banks of the Kennebec, in Maine. He spent two years at Williams' College, in this State, but was graduated at William and Mary's College, in Virginia. He studied law three years in a southern State, and one year in the office of the late Judge Story, at Salem. At this time, his father being Secretary of War, and Mr. Jefferson President of the United States, he applied for a foreign diplomatic station. Mr. Jefferson said he should have one, and a good one; but advised him not to take it, saying that "no man ought to go to reside for any time abroad under the age of forty, for he would lose his American tastes and ideas, become wedded to foreign manners and institutions, and grow incapable of becoming a loyal, useful and contented citizen at home." The young applicant took the advice, and gave up the appointment. He then commenced the practice of the law in Salem, and afterwards continued it a little while in Portland, but he disliked the profession, and resolved to give it up as soon as possible. He said it obliged him to take money often from persons who stood in the greatest need of it themselves, and to whom he felt impelled to give something, rather than exact anything from them; he could not bear to get his living so. This reason for a change will strike every one who knew him as strongly characteristic of him. At this period he was appointed to superintend the erection of the forts in Portland harbor. He next became an officer in the Boston Custom house, where his father was Collector; and on the father's appointment to the command of the northern army, in the war with Great Britain, the son was made Collector of the Port in his stead. In 1812, he had the command of the troops

in Boston harbor. He was removed from the office of Collector in 1829. The same year he was chosen Representative from Roxbury, in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and was immediately transferred to the Executive Council. The next year he was Senator from Norfolk, and at the next election was chosen member of Congress from this district. Having served one term in Congress, he was soon after appointed Adjutant General of Massachusetts, in which office he continued till 1843. In 1847, he became Mayor of Roxbury, which place he held until his death.

It does not become me to speak of his official conduct in any of these public stations. I am neither competent to estimate, nor disposed to discuss the wisdom of the political opinions which he held, nor of the measures he advocated. I will only say that none ever doubted, so far as I know, his patriotism, diligence, and fidelity in every office of trust. None will believe or say that he ever sacrificed his convictions of right, his views of public interest, or any whit of his personal integrity to the desire of gain, or of political advancement. A thoroughly honest and high minded man he unquestionably was in every public function, as also in every private relation. The contrary, I presume, was never charged or suspected, even in any heat of party strife.

But there is another class of public services in which he bore a conspicuous part, that seems to me of a more interesting nature, and to have afforded a more appropriate and felicitous sphere for his peculiar endowments and tastes.

This occasion would have lacked its peculiar interest for me, and I doubt not for others also, if the subject of our commemoration had never been anything but a public functionary. He was more and higher than that. He interested himself, zealously and efficiently, apart from politics, in various enterprises for the public good. He was one of the early and enthusiastic promoters of those lines of internal communication which have since become so important. He was upon the State survey for a canal from Boston to the Hudson, and was pressing forward that enterprise when the railroad was projected in its stead.

But it was still more to the praise of General Dearborn— if I may venture to say it in this so practical age— that he was one of those few who could sometimes foresee the highest benefit to a community from enterprises, the utility of which was not immediate, not obvious to matter of fact men, not to be realized at once, if ever, in money, or in the means of making money; but only, or chiefly in gratifying or cultivating the more refined sentiments of a people, and promoting patriotic recollections, enlarged sympathies, generous aspirations, and the love of the beautiful in nature and in art. It is in this direction that we are to look, I think, for those public services for which he was especially distinguished, and for which we owe him most honor and gratitude. Thus, for instance, he was one of the most prominent and active of the originators of the Bunker Hill Monument. But I can only notice now his exertions in a single department, that of horticulture and its kindred arts and labors.

In 1829, the first movement was made by some gentlemen in this vicinity—the first in New England—for a systematic cultivation and promotion of the arts of horticulture. For this end they proposed to organize a society. At a preliminary stage of their proceedings, they invited a very distinguished citizen of this town to become their first president, the head and guide of their enterprise. But “no,” said Mr. Lowell, “my whole heart is with you, and all I can do for your cause shall be done; but I am not the man for that station. I will tell you who is the man, and just the right man.” And confiding in his sagacity, they took the man he designated, and General Dearborn became first president of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. And he took hold in earnest. If they had known him better, perhaps they would not have appointed him. For they did not expect to do great things, nor spend much money, or attract much notice, or become any very visible power in the land. Gentle, unambitious and noiseless proceedings were all they anticipated. But when the new president took the helm, he put right out to sea. *He* meant they

should do great things. He was well acquainted with the subject. He had always been interested in it. He knew all that had been written and done about it abroad, and had practised upon it with much assiduity and delight in his own narrow but beautiful domain. He had large conceptions of what should be done. He at once established an extensive correspondence. He imported books, plates, periodicals, specimens, scions, seeds, plants, everything that was wanted, and that on a liberal scale. He talked of professorships in the various departments of natural history, of public grounds, scientific collections, experimental gardens, public exhibitions and premiums. There was no little consternation in the society. He was committing them to a great deal more than they had thought of, or considered prudent and practicable. His operations required a large amount of money, and they had little or none in the treasury. Such splendid schemes, such dashing expenditure would ruin their movements. Would he not pause and be moderate? Where was the money to come from? What should they do with such an enthusiastic leader?

But he would not pause. He knew the thing that ought to be done, and how to do it; and as to the money question, he was not the man to think much of that. He thought money a very secondary matter. He knew there was enough of it somewhere, and that it ought to come, and he presumed it would come as it was wanted. *They* must take care of that—the ways and means; his business was with horticulture, and the methods of advancing it. And so he went on, and they had to find the money—and did find it—with whatever of reluctance and misgivings, is usually incident to such transactions.

The president had his way. He was a difficult man to restrain. His enthusiasm was more than a match for other men's prudence. He was naturally rather overbearing, I think, and it was a fortunate thing that that tendency of his mind took a generous and high direction. He had his way, and his visionary extravagance, as it may have been deemed by many, so far from ruining the society, was the making

of it. His policy—if that can be called a policy which was in him simply an ardent spontaneous pursuit of a good end without much counting of the cost—gave a name and character to the society, awakened an interest far and wide in its objects, drew in members, brought in contributions, donations and liberal bequests, and soon exercised a large influence over garden cultivation. And now, after twenty years and more, when the society has become large and flourishing, perhaps beyond even *his* sanguine expectations, with an ample income, and splendid exhibitions, and a large parental influence over numerous younger institutions which have sprung up from its example all over the country, I am assured that there is not an original or early member of it but will acknowledge that it owes its prosperity and success in an eminent degree to the faith and courage, the knowledge and ability of its first president. He had zealous co-adjutors, and he has had able and accomplished successors; but they would be the foremost to testify that the society probably would never have become what it is, but for his brave piloting at the outset, and that he *was* the right man, as Mr. Lowell had prophetically assured them.

The influence of General Dearborn has thus obtained a permanent expression of itself in the greatly improved horticulture of New England. There is an enduring record of his labors written all over the green and flowery land. His thought stands expressed in the beauty and abundance, and tastefulness of innumerable fields and groves and gardens. There are traces of his spirit in the private nooks, and along the public roadsides of the country. And there are thousands who may never speak his name, who yet unconsciously follow his teachings, and copy his ideas in the flowers, and the trees, that engage their leisure, and adorn their homes and delight their eyes. There is a trace of his influence in every bunch of fresh and fragrant flowers that the hand of domestic love or neighborly kindness places and tends by the bedside of the sick, or the chair of the invalid, or on the bosom of the shrouded dead, or at the head of their green graves. There is something of his influence spark-

ling in the bridal wreath that graces and gladdens the brow of beauty. There is something of it in the luscious fragrance of every basket of summer fruit that enriches the festive board, in every vine that wreathes a garden bower, in every green plant that adorns a cottage window. He as much as any man,—perhaps more than any one man,—has put in train those agencies which have introduced to the knowledge and love of all classes of our people, this greatly extended variety both of the useful and the ornamental products of the ground ; as much to promote a taste for them, and to teach the methods of their culture. Herein he has been a public benefactor. It may be truly said of him that he has contributed, and that, on the whole, more largely and more efficiently than any other man of his generation in this country, to diffuse abroad the love of the beautiful in nature, and all the refined sentiments, the purifying influences, the pleasant resources, and the gentle gladness that spring from and accompany that wholesome and hallowing affection. He who has done this, has done well in his day and generation. The praise is justly his due—it need not be sounded with a trumpet, nor inscribed on his monument, but let it be gratefully associated with his memory,—that he loved the beautiful, and taught his countrymen to love it. He introduced new forms of it, and contributed to the permanent adorning of the fair face of nature.

One of the early measures contemplated by the Horticultural Society, was the establishment of a rural cemetery, such as had been hitherto unknown in this country. This subject had for several years claimed the attention of several persons in this vicinity. The project was discussed in the Society for several months ; but no definite measures were adopted, no forward movement was made, until the proprietor of what is now Mount Auburn, offered to sell that tract of land for the purpose of such a cemetery, to be combined, as was then intended, with an experimental garden. The president, Dearborn, visited the spot, and re-

ported that he was fully satisfied that a better selection could not be made. He was then requested to present a plan for accomplishing the objects in view, which was done in December, 1830. His views were approved, and he was placed at the head of a large committee, to define, in more exact detail, the object desired and the course to be pursued. He submitted an elaborate report on the following June. That report foreshadowed definitely the future Mount Auburn. It was accepted, the land was purchased, and the duty of laying out the grounds and preparing them for their purposes, was assigned to a small committee, of which General Dearborn was the head and the working member. He applied himself to his task, month after month, with all his native energy and enthusiasm. He traced the walks and avenues. With an eye so keen to detect the beautiful, and a heart so warmly loving it, he knew how to make the most of every nook and dell, the tangled bog, the sandy level, the abrupt declivity, every tree and shrub and rock. In a word, he, after God, created Mount Auburn. His zeal and vigor, his taste and labor, were the most prominent and efficacious elements in the inception and the accomplishment of the work. And there lies Mount Auburn with its sacred beauty, its holy fitness for its object, with its quiet enclosures, its solemn and tender associations, its thousand gleaming monuments, itself in its entirety a magnificent and beautiful monument to him—to his industry and taste, his affectionate reverence for the claims of the dead and the sorrows of the living.*

* If I had been writing a history of Mount Auburn, instead of a mere notice of General Dearborn's connection, official and personal, with the origin of that Cemetery, I should not have failed to mention those gentlemen who preceded him in the conception of such an establishment, and were associated with him in maturing and executing the plan. Prominent in such a history would be the names of Joseph Story, Jacob Bigelow, G. W. Brimmer, Edward Everett, J. C. Gray, G. Bond, Abbot Lawrence, B. A. Gould, Joseph P. Bradlee and Charles P. Curtis. Probably for early and continued interest in the subject, Dr. Bigelow should be named first among all these. I still think, however, that Gen. Dearborn is entitled to all the credit in relation to Mount Auburn that is assigned to him in the Address. The first *conception* of a Forest Cemetery in America, is not claimed for him. It had

The success of the undertaking at Mount Auburn led to similar designs elsewhere, throughout the land, in the neighborhood of the large cities, and even in the humblest country villages. Every year has added largely to the number, as to the beauty, of rural cemeteries. Mount Auburn was the first, the type of them all. The designing thought and hand of Dearborn first realized the idea of a fitting burial-place for the dead in this country, and furnished the pattern which, varied of course by the capabilities

been entertained by others, and for years, as is said in the Address. But "the inception and accomplishment of the work," was more emphatically his than any other one man's. Scores of men through scores of years had doubtless thought and talked of the subject; but it was when he as President of the Horticultural Society took up the project, and not before, that any thing was *done*. It was his report and advice, so far as appears, that led the society to accept Mr. Brimmer's generous offer of the land at a low price. He was at the head of the working committees, particularly that for laying out the grounds. For this latter purpose he had as associates men distinguished for ability and taste in Dr. Bigelow and Mr. Brimmer; but he was the head and the hand of the commission. His official position assigned to him the leading part. And whoever knew him, may judge whether he was the man to take a secondary and subordinate part in a matter in which official right and duty gave him a leading one,—a matter, too, in which he felt perfectly at home, which was congenial to his life-long tastes and pursuits, and for which he had at the time entire leisure. He was President of the Society that owned the grounds, and Chairman of the Committee for planning the Cemetery. He directed the work, always on the spot, day after day, through three successive summers. With these facts, taken in connection with the character of the man, it is not difficult to understand how far it was his work.

That there would have been a Rural Cemetery somewhere in America, at some time and on some scale, if Gen. Dearborn had never lived, need not be questioned. When or where or in what fashion, none can tell. Whether it would have been a better one than Mount Auburn, I will not decide. But Mount Auburn, such as it is, is emphatically his creation; — not his alone; the names I have mentioned above are not wont to be regarded as cyphers in whatever connection they may be found; but his, as far as any enterprise of such magnitude, involving complex agencies and a wide co-operation, can well be ascribed to a single man.

This note is occasioned by some friendly strictures on my Address which appeared in the Boston Daily Advertiser of September 9th. Those strictures were founded on a report of the Address, necessarily imperfect, which was printed in the Boston Courier of September 4th. If the writer in the Advertiser had had the entire Address before him, I presume he would have seen no occasion to charge me with error on the subject.

For the facts given in the Address, in relation to the origin of Mount Auburn, I relied on the sheets of An Historical Sketch of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, now passing through the press under the sanction of the Society.

of the ground in each case, has been copied far and near. He has himself freely given his time and skill to the designing and preparing of these cemeteries in many towns.

You know well, Gentlemen of the Council, how much our own "Forest Hills" owes to him. His whole heart was in that pious work. His genius has presided over its progress. It was to him a sacred labor of love—strictly that. Fitly, and beautifully, the laborers there replenish daily the marble vase of flowers which they have promptly placed at the foot of his grave—not only the token of their affectionate remembrance of him, but a memorial also of his tender and disinterested thoughtfulness for all the dead who should be borne there, and all the living who should resort there to mourn, to meditate, or to worship.

Surely the man who, more than any other man, has taken a leading and efficient part in changing a people's whole system of burial, in redeeming the waste places of death, in surrounding the very grave with nature's choicest adornments, and investing the dreary sepulchre with the scenes and objects that are fraught with the most soothing and elevating associations, and has directed the steps of the living multitudes of cities and villages to the abodes of the dead, as the quietest shades and the loveliest resorts, where the most inviting aspects of nature and the most exquisite arrangements of taste blend in sweet harmony with all tender and solemn thoughts—surely this man has done a great work. Surely, he has made a broad mark on the face of the earth, and upon the hearts of men. Surely he deserves that grateful and honoring thoughts should gather round *his* grave, and that his name should be held in long and kind remembrance. Every lover of the beautiful owes him something. Every mortal man, who ever sends forward a thought to the spot where he is to be laid, and finds soothing in its verdure and peacefulness, owes him something. Every bereaved one, who follows his beloved dead along those green and winding aisles of nature, and lays down his remains, and revisits them with oft returning footsteps, to weep and to pray by them, lying there as in the very bosom

of the loving God of nature, owes him something—some tribute of tender and thankful recollection. Now that that man has died, who himself took so much thought for the dead and for the bereaved, do we not well to mark the place where he lies, and to gather here, as we do to-day, to think of him, and to speak of him together once, considering that his genius can devise and his hand can do no more for his fellow men, and that we shall not see his face again?

This slight reference to some of the pursuits and services of General Dearborn, will serve to indicate, in part, the characteristics of his life and mind. He was a remarkably industrious man. His mind seems never to have had any idle hours, or to have squandered any time in empty reverie, or on frivolous objects. He delighted in work; and the only relaxation he desired was a change from one kind of mental activity to another. Whatever office of trust he held, he gave the proper hours to its labors, and filled up the intervals of business, the earliest hours of the morning and the latest of the evening, with voluntary employments, which for their variety and amount would seem to have been enough to occupy the lifetime of several diligent men. He had a thirst for all good knowledge; he loved to acquire it, and he loved to communicate it. Almost every subject that was of any interest to mankind, engaged a portion of his attention; and whatever subject he attended to, he worked hard upon it. The test of knowledge, which is so often recommended to young men, he observed throughout his life—that, namely, of embodying on paper the results of all his research and all his thinking. I suppose he was one of the most voluminous writers of his generation. His publications in various periodicals would make, I know not how many volumes. His work on the Commerce of the Black Sea, published many years ago, though too far aside from the immediate track of American trade to be extensively popular, used to be referred to by the late President Adams as a prodigy of the industry of research. His reports on the many subjects of practical interest, that were from time

to time committed to him, always indicated much labor and great breadth of investigation. And besides what has been given to the public, there are in his library, now, near a hundred large volumes of manuscripts, on a great variety of subjects—volumes of Biography—the Life of Bainbridge—the Life of his own father—the Life of Christ, compiled reverently from the words of the New Testament, and beautifully executed—volumes on Architecture, civil and military—on Political Economy—of all manner of statistical information—records of current events, and of scientific discoveries. I hardly know where we may point to a living man who possessed so much information, on so great a diversity of subjects, as he did. I do not think that any ingenuous young man, destined to intellectual pursuits, could ever have known and conversed with General Dearborn, without acquiring some new conception of what mental industry is, and of how much it is capable of accomplishing, and some new impulse to noble toil and devoted diligence in the intellectual field. His presence and example were at once a rebuke and an inspiration in this respect.

There was one marked peculiarity pertaining to all his extraordinary and earnest activity. I mean the disinterestedness of his labors. Not a thirst for fame, far less the love of money, was his impelling motive. For his daily bread he was willing to work in whatever fitting routine of useful employment was opened to him. But for all the rest, for his leisure, hours or years, he thought of no emolument, nor cared for any. The love of truth and knowledge, the love of diffusing it, the love of beauty, and of helping other people to love and enjoy it, the love of witnessing and assisting social progress and public improvements, the love of seeing every good work go forward, the love of nature and of all God's works; these were, obviously and unaffectedly, the sentiments that inspired his energies and prompted his unwearied activity. His personal fortunes did not much engage his thoughts and feelings. No man was ever less concerned about such subjects. When he received a large income, he spent it, or rather let it spend

itself, as freely and as fast as it came. Not that he cared for personal luxuries or indulgencies. No man was ever more independent of such things than he. He was in no degree a slave to meats or drinks, or sensual appetites; but was temperate, abstemious. I am assured by such as should know best, that he never in the palmiest days of his prosperity had any love or pride of display, but only wished to live as he supposed it was proper that he should. His doors were open, his hospitality unlimited, and his associations brought numbers of the highest and most honored of the land to his house. His home was not seldom the home of the orphan and the friendless. He gave or lent freely to whomsoever asked; responded liberally to every appeal of public charity, and was ready to promote every object of science, taste, and public improvement that presented its claims.

So he laid up no store of this world's goods, at the time when he probably might have done it. I will not speak of this absence of worldly thrift with unqualified commendation, nor as an example that all men should imitate. It would not do, by any means, as an universal example. And happily there is no danger that too many will follow it in our time and in our community. We need not, therefore, be over earnest in our reprobation of it. Indeed, it is not, perhaps, to be regretted that in this shrewd, thrifty, money making and money saving generation, there should be, here and there, a man who should forget all about making or saving money, even when he has the opportunity. It is well enough, aye, is it not more than well enough, that there should be some to neglect it altogether, provided the neglect arise, not from indolence or inefficiency, or the love of pleasure, but from devotion to objects of higher dignity, from the love of knowledge and of nature, from generous and elevated affections, and from a spirit that is self-forgetting only because it takes kind and generous thought for others. This sort of character is quite incomprehensible to many people of our time; it confounds all their notions of human nature and human destiny; has the appearance

of irredeemable weakness and folly, and commands little respect or charity. But it is not without some value in suggesting the possibility of a human life not ruled by the one thought of money, not devoted to accumulation, not depending upon property as the single, all-sufficient resource. We might even afford to render a certain limited tribute of admiration to this form of disinterestedness, without incurring a too imminent danger of being corrupted, or of corrupting our community to a too unselfish and contemptuous disregard of the merit of thrift, the wisdom of investments, and the value of wealth.

This style of character becomes more interesting and respectable in our late friend from observing his manner of life in his subsequent and less prosperous days. He was, I should judge, as contented with little as he had been with much. He professed, and appeared, to miss nothing of his former condition, except the power of assisting others, and of promoting the tastes and objects which he honored. Adversity—if we may call by that name a change that did not touch his mind with sorrow or despondency—seems to have been the means of strengthening and testing the finest points of his character. He could descend to a narrow sphere, to a restricted state, and meet all its changes and privations, without thereby incurring the loss of anything that was at all necessary to his happiness. His essential resources were not taken away, nor touched. All that had ever been most precious to him, still remained—namely, his affections, and the objects on which they rested; his mental faculties, and the subjects on which they wrought. The book of knowledge still remained open to him, and the universe of mind was his to hold free communion with. No title deeds covered for him the hills and valleys which surrounded him; but all the beauty and the glory thereof were his—the Creator's inalienable gift to him—his to behold, to study, and to love; and that was enough. He ~~courted~~ no more. He was full, he was rich, he was happy, in the soul's large possession and fond embrace of all these things.

coveted

Never man had more abundant and unfailing resources for occupation and delight, and they were all of an elevated character. His pleasures were all pure. There was no kind of wholesome knowledge, no honorable achievement of human genius or industry, that did not interest and occupy him, as a spectator, a student, or a fellow-laborer. But, as I have already intimated, the most decided bent of his mind was towards the works and ways of God in nature. The vegetable kingdom was, I should say, his special domain—the ground, and all that grew out of it; the landscape, and all that diversified and adorned it. His chosen and daily recreation, after the more rigid labors of the library table, was a walk over the fields and hills, and through the lanes of the neighborhood. If you met him at such a time, and he believed that you cared for such things, you would immediately see, from his discourse, that his mind was wholly removed from the bustle and din of the human world. He was studying the hills, the rocks, the clouds. He considered every bird and insect—the structure, the look, the habits, of each least living thing. The forest, and each tree in it, and every wayside shrub and every smallest flower as much, he familiarly knew and fondly loved. And if he could look for any, the least sympathy from you, he would never fail in such a scene and amid such discourse, to refer, with unaffected words and feelings of reverence and gratitude, to the infinite wisdom and love from which all these wonders of beauty and bountifulness proceed. He said he worshipped God daily in the fields—he was incapable of cant—I believe he did, devoutly, profoundly.

The indifference of General Dearborn to the interests of property, and most of those objects of worldly pursuit which engage men generally, his engrossment in things of a different cast, would lead one to expect that he would be a true and honest man, as not feeling the force of those motives which usually lead to falseness and tergiversation. And indeed he was. I do not think that any man ever doubted that he was very true and very honest in word and deed—

just in his every thought. Those who knew him well, would find it difficult to conceive of him as ever doing or contemplating a mean action, ever departing from the most genuine magnanimity of purpose, ever pursuing a crooked policy, ever saying a word at variance with his thought, ever guilty of even so much as an indirectness. I think this is not an exaggeration of his quality of truthfulness and downrightness and straight forwardness.

While I have been speaking of those services, and those qualities which marked him as a citizen, as a worker, as a man among men, not a few of his personal friends, and the objects of his personal regard, have doubtless all the while been thinking more of what it most affects them to remember—the warmth of his affections, the steadfastness and fidelity of his friendships, his attentions to the sick and the aged and to children; his gracious thoughtfulness for the poor, the dependent, and those who were in trouble. I know well what good reason they have to think of these things. They need no reminding words of mine. He was kind-hearted. He was very unselfish.

This topic brings me to the verge of those precincts of his life, which I may not enter to find matter for public speech. There is a sanctuary of love and grief, that we may not invade, though I doubt not the best of him was there. There are those to whom all that I have said, or could with propriety say in public, must seem as inadequate to describe what was highest and dearest in the object of their unbounded reverence and affection, as would be my utmost words of comfort to console their sorrow and heal their wound.

I have thus endeavored, with due moderation, and yet with a candid appreciation, to present an outline of what was most memorable in the life, and worthy of honor and imitation in the character of our late chief magistrate. I have not intended to ascribe to him any qualities but such as he possessed, nor in any higher degree than he possessed them. I have not adverted specifically to his faults. It is

better not to. A man's faults are not profitable for instruction or example. To speak of the faults even of the living, either in the public assembly or in private intercourse, does us more harm, in fostering a censorious, ill-natured and ill-judging habit, than it can possibly do us good in the way of warning. And to speak of the faults of the dead, is an ungracious, unholy, and forbidden thing. It is unnecessary in the present instance, for this man's faults, such as they were, were very obvious, known of all men—the faults incident to an ardent temperament, and an impulsive, enthusiastic nature. Every one who knew him at all, knew the worst of him, and they who knew him best, were least aware that he had any faults, and loved and honored him the most.

And now his diligent and useful life on earth is closed. He whose name has been associated with that of our city for so many years, has departed from amongst us. He will be missed very much. We shall miss his earnest spirit and speech, his full mind, his ready hand, his kindly sympathies/ We have lost a man—a veritable and full-grown man—a goodly type of our Anglo-saxon manhood; one who, in not a few points of excellence and greatness, was the foremost man of us all. His spirit has entered upon that untried, eternal scene, which he always anticipated with awed contemplation and trusting faith. His familiar voice, fraught always with instruction, dignity and kindness, is hushed forever. His stately and venerable form will be seen no more in our streets or high places. It has gone to its selected home—the spot which his care fitted up and his genius embellished for so many.

Lie lightly upon his bosom, ye clods of the valley, for he trod softly on you, in loving regard for every green thing that ye bore! Bend benignantly over him, ye towering trees of the forest, and soothe his slumbers with the whisperings of your sweetest requiem, for he loved you as his very brothers of God's garden, and nursed you, and knew almost every leaf on your boughs! Guard sacredly his ashes, ye steep, strong cliffs that gird his grave, for ye were

the altars at which he worshipped the Almighty One who planted you there in your strength.

Cherish his memory with affectionate respect, ye his fellow-citizens and neighbors, and defend his name against every breath of evil imputation and uncharitableness. Take this gracious charge upon yourselves, for he loved your well-being, and was ready to serve a fellow man with every faculty of his mind, and whatever he possessed, looking for no reward !

Forget it, ye who remember aught of offence against him—forget it forever, in the remembrance of his many virtues, and the assurance of his generous heart and magnanimous spirit !

Study what was noble in his life, ye young men, for it shall stimulate you to some kindred aims of excellence !

Be comforted, ye mourners ; for the Divine Providence, though it is inscrutable, is wise, and the heavenly Father chasteneth in love. Be ye comforted !

And Thou, his God and Judge, before whom no man living can be justified, and at whose tribunal we may not plead the merits of any human righteousness, do Thou receive him, through thy redeeming grace and thine abounding mercies, to the mansions of eternal rest and glory.

APPENDIX.

[TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.]

For the President of the City Council.

It is my melancholy duty to inform you of the deeply lamented death of General H. A. S. DEARBORN, who died at eleven o'clock this forenoon, after a short but painful illness.

A. W. H. CLAPP.

Portland, Me., July 29th, 1851.

CITY OF ROXBURY,
City Clerk's Office, July 29, 1851.
4 o'clock, P. M.

A telegraphic despatch was received from the Hon. Mr. Clapp, announcing the melancholy intelligence of the deeply lamented death of General Henry A. S. Dearborn, Mayor of this City, who died at the residence of his son-in-law, Hon. A. W. H. Clapp, this day at eleven o'clock, in the City of Portland.

Upon the receipt of the above intelligence, I consulted with some of the members of the City Council, and with their approbation, I immediately requested that the several church bells be tolled one hour, commencing at five o'clock, P. M.

JOSEPH W. TUCKER, *City Clerk.*

I also sent the following communication by telegraph.

CITY OF ROXBURY.
City Clerk's Office, July 29, 1851.

To Hon. A. W. H. Clapp, — Portland, Me.

We have received the melancholy intelligence of the death of General H. A. S. Dearborn, late Mayor of this City. The City Council will be desirous to communicate with the friends of the deceased, in that manner which will be most agreeable to them, by committee or otherwise. I shall wait a reply.

Respectfully, your friend,

JOSEPH W. TUCKER, *City Clerk.*

CITY OF ROXBURY,
City Clerk's Office, July 29, 1851.

After consulting with several members of the City Council, it was thought expedient to call a special meeting of the City Council, to take into consideration the sudden and unexpected death of the Hon. Henry A. S. Dearborn, late Mayor of this City, who died this morning at eleven o'clock, in the City of Portland.

And I caused each and every member of the City Council, to be notified to meet at their respective rooms this evening at half past seven o'clock, for the above purpose.

ATTEST: JOSEPH W. TUCKER, *City Clerk.*

SPECIAL MEETING.

City of Roxbury, July 29, 1851.

A special meeting was held according to notice. Alderman Ward was elected Chairman, *pro tem.*

The doings of the preceeding page were approved by the Board of Aldermen and sent down.

In Common Council. Concurred.

In Common Council, July 29, 1851.

The President announced the object of the meeting to be, to consider what action this Board will take in consequence of the sudden and unexpected death of the Mayor. After paying a just tribute to the character of the deceased, he concluded his remarks with expressions of regret at the loss the city, society, and the family of the deceased have met with by this unexpected bereavement, and that this Board would undoubtedly unite with the Board of Aldermen, in testifying their respect to his memory by attending the funeral, or in such other manner as may be deemed most appropriate to the occasion.

The following telegraphic despatch was received, and laid before both branches by the City Clerk:

For Joseph W. Tucker, — City Clerk, Roxbury.

In accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Dearborn, the funeral solemnities of the late Mayor of your City will be performed here

to-morrow afternoon, and the remains will be conveyed to Forest Hills, under charge of his sons, without further ceremonies. The friends of General Dearborn tender their warmest thanks for the sympathy and kindness extended to them by the City Council of Roxbury.

Respectfully yours,

A. W. H. CLAPP.

Portland, Tuesday Evening, July 29, 1851.

CITY OF ROXBURY,

In Board of Aldermen, July 29, 1851.

Ordered, That a special committee of two members of the Board of Aldermen, with such as the Common Council may join, be appointed to consider and report what measures shall be adopted by the City Council, to testify their respect to the memory of Hon. Henry A. S. Dearborn, late Mayor of this City.

Aldermen WARD and

JACKSON, were appointed on the part of this Board.

Sent down for concurrence.

JOSEPH W. TUCKER, *City Clerk*.

In Common Council, July 29, 1851.

Concurred, and

Messrs. WALKER,

BREWSTER, and

UPTON, joined on the part of the Common Council.

JOSHUA SEAVER, *Clerk*.

Both branches adjourned to to-morrow evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

City of Roxbury, July 30, 1851.

Mr. WALKER, of Ward 5, from the committee appointed last evening, rose and spoke substantially as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT :—On no former occasion, at this Board, have I felt so embarrassed as I do at the present moment. I must, therefore, in advance, ask the kind indulgence of this Council, as I feel great inability to give utterance to the emotions of my *own* breast, and much less to give utterance to the feelings of those who have requested me to submit the Resolutions I hold in my hand.

Mr. President: General Dearborn was no ordinary man. His

mind was a storehouse of ancient and modern history. His lips gave utterance to words of wisdom, rendered impressive by practical illustrations, or by the flowers of poetry and eloquence. We have all heard his words and felt their power. While we regret our loss, let us remember the services he has rendered us, and with grateful hearts cherish the respect due to his memory.

The whole country is indebted to General Dearborn, but Massachusetts especially. His mind gave birth to the Hoosac Mountain Tunnel. His eye traced the graceful curves of Mount Auburn. What a debt we owe to his memory!

Our own Forest Hills is the work of his own hands—it will contain the sacred deposit of his remains—these will render the spot more hallowed, for while its peaceful shades shall exist, or the gentle zephyr play among the leaves of the forest, so long shall the name of DEARBORN be dear to and be cherished by the citizens of Roxbury.

In conclusion, Mr. President, permit me to add, that I have had the honor and pleasure of General Dearborn's friendship for nearly a quarter of a century. Peace to this noble, generous, high-minded, honorable man.

In behalf of and at the request of the Committee, I now present their report, and move its acceptance.

The Committee of the City Council appointed to take into consideration what measures it would be proper for the City Council to adopt, to testify their respect and regard to the late Chief Magistrate of this City, have deliberately considered the subject, and respectfully report the following Resolutions:

Whereas, Almighty God has been pleased to remove, by death, the Hon. Henry A. S. Dearborn, late Mayor of this City, therefore,

Resolved, That while the City Council bow with humble submission to the Divine will, they feel it to be their imperative duty to express, and place upon their record, the high sense they entertain for the eminent services of the deceased, in the various departments of public life,—as a statesman; his commanding position in the various pursuits of human industry; his long services in national affairs of great responsibility and honor; and more especially for his labors at Forest Hills Cemetery; his devotion to the interests of our City, and for the ability with which he discharged the duties of Chief Magistrate.

Resolved, That the members of the City Council take this early oppor-

tunity to express their sympathy and condolence with the bereaved family of the deceased in this most afflicting event.

Resolved, That the members of the City Council wear crape on the left arm for forty days, as a mark of esteem for their departed friend.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolves be signed by the Chairman *pro tem.* of the Board of Aldermen, and the President of the Common Council, and transmitted to the family of the late Mayor, by the City Clerk.

Adopted unanimously by both branches.

In Common Council, August 4, 1851.

MR. BREWER, of Ward 4, offered the following Resolves :

Resolved, That in view of the character of General DEARBORN, our late Mayor,—his liberality and public spirit, his high moral worth, his untarnished integrity, his wisdom and intelligence, his varied talents, his comprehensive mind, and his untiring zeal in every good work,—his death is no common loss to this community, where he has been so long known, so highly honored, and so well beloved :—

That in common with all his fellow-citizens of Roxbury, we mourn the departure from among us of one whom we have ever delighted to honor, for his high integrity in public, and his distinguished virtues and accomplishments in private life ; of one, whose long life has been illustrated by his signal services to his fellow citizens ; of one who, in his promotion of useful sciences, the diffusion of knowledge and the improvement of society, has so well applied that eloquence and power by which he was so distinguished ; of one, who, in the discharge of his important official duties as the Chief Magistrate of our City, has ever been remarkable for the purity, the integrity, the fidelity and consistent moderation of his conduct.

Resolved, That in token of the sense of this Council, of the loss which the City has sustained, the chambers of both branches of the Government be provided with suitable emblems of mourning, to remain for the space of three months after the passage of these resolutions.

Resolved, That an Address upon the life, character, and public services of the deceased, be delivered before the City Government and the citizens of this City, at such time and place, and with such ceremonies, as the Committee hereafter appointed may direct.

Resolved, That a Joint Special Committee be appointed to carry into effect the foregoing resolutions.

Passed, and sent up for concurrence, and

Messrs. BREWER,

KITTREDGE, and

UPTON, appointed on the part of the Common Council.

JOSHUA SEAVER, *Clerk.*

In Board of Aldermen, Aug. 4, 1851.

Concurred, and

Aldermen PLUMMER, and

HALL joined on the part of this Board.

JOSEPH W. TUCKER, *City Clerk.*

West Roxbury, August 6, 1851.

At a special meeting of the Board of Selectmen of the town of West Roxbury, August 5th, 1851,—

ARTHUR W. AUSTIN, Esq., Chairman, called the meeting to order, and addressed the Board as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF SELECTMEN:—I should have called you together earlier had I not been aware that some of you were necessarily absent. Since our last regular meeting, Providence has removed from this earthly scene, one whose relations have been intimate with our territory, and who has held situations therein, which have claimed for him, and entitled him to our respect. The manly form—the dignified presence—the agreeable address—the pleasant colloquial powers of General Dearborn, have passed away.

Under the circumstances of our late connection, it seems to me fitting that our Board should take some public notice of the decease of one whose life has been so valuable, and inscribe to him some tribute in our records.

General Dearborn was a true patriot, from patriotic stock; with him, “Our country, however bounded,” was not an artificial sentiment, but a reality. As a statesman his views were never sectional, and never narrow. Called early to situations of responsibility and trust, he met the requisitions with signal faithfulness and ability. In his characteristics there was nothing selfish, interested, or mercenary: having a value in himself, that which was outward did not seem to affect him. I have said he was a true patriot—he was a true man, preserving his equanimity amid the propitious or adverse. His generous hospitality, his liberal courtesies, when the ability was perfect, were only surpassed by the cheerfulness and dignity with which he so conformed, as almost to seem to welcome the circumstances of a lessened fortune.

As a politician, he was frank, open and decided; capable of forming, he acted up to the courage of his opinions. Non-committalism

— the offspring of craft, but the scorn of manliness — made no part of his natural or acquired constitution. And if openness and frankness did not always acquire for him the currency he deserved, it was the fault of others and not of himself.

His hours of leisure were not hours of idleness, but his time was always devoted to that which might be valuable and useful to others.

Of a mind imaginative and reflective, at all times of his life, he was rather before than behind his age; and was possessed of many qualities that claim respect, and of some that challenge admiration.

It has been my fortune through almost the whole of my life, to be ranked amongst the political antagonists of General Dearborn, but I have never heard his integrity in any quarter questioned or impeached, or any thing advanced in derogation of his claim to entire personal respect.

With regard to our particular territory, he was always liberally disposed, and in his official character, ever ready to do us justice.

We have been indebted to General Dearborn, in common with the world, for much of advancement in the valuable and pleasing sciences of Agriculture and Horticulture. Both of which have been improved by his skill and adorned by his pen.

He has thus passed a life useful, valuable and honorable, leaving around us many grateful memorials of his services and his virtues.

Agreeable to these views, I submit for your approbation, the following resolution to be inscribed upon our records :

Resolved, That the Selectmen of West Roxbury justly estimate the distinguished public services of the late General H. A. S. DEARBORN, through the course of a long and valuable life, in the various stations which he has illustrated and adorned, and that they fully appreciate his eminent private virtues, and deeply sympathise with his family, friends, and fellow citizens, in the afflicting event which they have been recently called to deplore.

This resolution having been unanimously accepted, it was then

Voted, that the Town Clerk send a certified copy of the address of the Chairman, and of the above resolution, to the City Council of Roxbury, and to the family of the deceased.

ATTEST, WILLIAM MACCARTY, *Town Clerk*.

Copy.

Attest, WILLIAM MACCARTY, *Town Clerk*.

CITY OF ROXBURY.

In Common Council, August 11, 1851.

Read and ordered to be entered at length on the Journals, and placed in the archives of the city ; and it is further

Ordered, That the Chairman *pro tempore* of the Board of Aldermen, and the President of the Common Council transmit to the Selectmen of West Roxbury, the thanks of this government for their resolutions of sympathy, occasioned by the death of our late Mayor.

JOSHUA SEAVER, *Clerk.**In Board of Aldermen, August 11, 1851.*

Concurred.

JOSEPH W. TUCKER, *City Clerk.*

The following communication and resolves were received.

CITY OF PORTLAND.

Mayor's Office, August 2, 1851.

TO THE ALDERMEN AND COMMON COUNCIL
OF THE CITY OF ROXBURY :

GENTLEMEN :—It has been made my duty, by an order of the City Council of Portland, to transmit to you a copy of the resolutions, adopted July 31st, expressive of the respect of the members of that body, for the character and memory of General H. A. S. Dearborn, late Mayor of Roxbury, who died suddenly in this city, while on a visit to his children here. I have to add that these resolutions are not mere matters of form and ceremony, but are united in heartily by all our people, in whose regards General Dearborn occupied a high place, as a true patriot, a good citizen, a high minded and honorable man. I am, gentlemen,

Very respectfully, yours, &c.

NEAL DOW, *Mayor.*

CITY OF PORTLAND.

In Common Council, July 31, 1851.

WHEREAS it has pleased our Heavenly Father suddenly to remove by death, General HENRY ALEXANDER SCAMMEL DEARBORN, Mayor of the City of Roxbury, while on a visit in this City :

Resolved, That the City Council deeply sympathize with the afflicted family in this sudden bereavement, which has deprived them of a head,

whose many virtues not only endeared him to them, but who was ardently beloved by a still wider circle of friends.

Resolved, That we tender to our sister City our sympathy for the loss of their Chief Magistrate, and would publicly express our great respect for his public spirit and fidelity as an officer ; his ardent zeal in the cause of Agriculture and Horticulture ; his eminent worth and talents as a man ; and his amenity of manners, which truly adorned whatever station he filled.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded by the Mayor to the family of the deceased, and also to the City Council of Roxbury.

In Common Council, July 31, 1851.

Read, and passed by an unanimous vote, and sent up for concurrence.

Attest,

J. H. WILLIAMS, *Clerk.*

In Board of Aldermen, July 31, 1851.

Read, and passed unanimously in concurrence.

Attest,

WILLIAM BOYD, *City Clerk.*

Copy—Attest, WILLIAM BOYD, *City Clerk.*

CITY OF ROXBURY.

In Common Council, August 4, 1851.

Ordered, That the foregoing letter and resolves be entered at length upon the Journals of both branches, and filed in the archives of the city ; and it is further

Ordered, That the Chairman *pro tempore* of the Board of Aldermen, and the President of the Common Council, transmit to the Mayor and City Council of Portland, the thanks of this government for the resolutions of sympathy occasioned by the death of our late Mayor.

JOSHUA SEAVER, *Clerk.*

In Board of Aldermen, August 4, 1851.

Concurred.

JOSEPH W. TUCKER, *City Clerk.*

CITY OF ROXBURY.

In Common Council, September 1, 1851.

MR. BREWER, from the Joint Special Committee appointed to make arrangements for an address upon the life, character and public services of the late Henry A. S. Dearborn, Mayor of this City, submitted the following report:—

The Joint Special Committee appointed to make arrangements for

an address upon the life, character and public services of the late General H. A. S. Dearborn, Mayor of this City, would respectfully report :

That the Rev. Dr. PUTNAM has consented to deliver an address upon the life, character and public services of General Dearborn, our late Mayor, on the afternoon of Wednesday next, (September 3d,) at four o'clock, at the Church of the First Religious Society, where there will be other services appropriate to the occasion.

The Committee would recommend, that the members of the Boards of Mayor and Aldermen and Common Council, and their Officers, assemble at their respective rooms, on Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, and with the other City Officers, past Members of the City Government, and such others as may be invited by the Committee, be formed into procession, under the direction of the City Marshal, and proceed to the Church, where seats will be reserved for them.

All which is respectfully submitted.

For the Committee.

JOSEPH N. BREWER.

Read, accepted, and sent up for concurrence.

JOSHUA SEAVER, *Clerk.*

In Board of Aldermen, September 1, 1851.

Concurred.

JOSEPH W. TUCKER, *City Clerk.*

Agreeably to the report of the Committee, a procession was formed at the City Hall, under the direction of Ira Allen, Esq., City Marshal, consisting of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, City Clerk, City Treasurer, School Committee, Trustees of the Roxbury Grammar School, Overseers of Poor, Representatives of the City in the General Court, Chief and Assistant Engineers and Officers of the Fire Department, Commissioners and Superintendent of Forest Hills Cemetery, Consulting Physicians, Assessors and Ward Officers, together with the past Mayor, past Members of the Boards of Aldermen and Common Council, Selectmen of West Roxbury, the Reverend Clergy, the Mayors of Boston, Charlestown, and Cambridge, and County Officers residing in Roxbury,—were formed into procession, and proceeded to the Church, where the services took place according to previous arrangement.







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An address delivered before the cit

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